

THE ELECTION : RAILWAY AND FISCAL POLICIES

THE CACHALOT

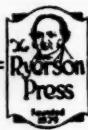
THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



Price 25¢ Yearly 2.00
Published at 152 St. George St. Toronto

NOVEMBER - 1925
Vol. VI - No. 62



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Published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. British Agents, Imperial News Company, Limited, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4; American Agents, Hotalling's News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City. Copyright, October, 1920.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1925

No. 62

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WAR DEBTS AND PEACE DUTIES

MCAILLOUX, having persuaded Mr. Churchill that half a loaf was better than no bread, sailed to America and offered Mr. Mellon the other half. It seems that Mr. Mellon and his colleagues were not unwilling to accept a compromise, but that the Chief Executive refused to endorse it. So the French Government is now considering an American counter-proposal that a definite settlement be postponed for five years and that France shall pay 40 million dollars a year as interest in the meantime. Whether the French accept this offer or not, the prospect of Britain receiving any appreciable payments from France in the near future has definitely receded in the past month. When M. Caillaux left for America, Britain had resigned herself to the idea of receiving only 60 million dollars a year from her chief debtor instead of the 100 million she had hoped for, but under these new circumstances any payments she can expect will be considerably less than that, since the essence of Mr. Churchill's tentative agreement was that Britain would demand no more than America. In the meantime, of course, Britain will continue to pay 165 million dollars a year to the United States in settlement of a war debt largely incurred on behalf of her ally.

FRANCE, with an inflated currency, enormous unpaid debt, and a militarist policy which has delayed the peace of Europe, is to-day prosperous, comparatively lightly taxed, and has no unemployment.

Britain, who has settled her debts, and has to her credit the magnificent (even if ill-advised) feat of having restored the pound to its par value, is suffering the hardest times she has experienced for a century, is taxed to the hilt, and has a million and a half of her people unemployed—to say nothing of the fact that France is receiving 52 per cent. of the total German reparations as against the 22 per cent. that goes to Britain. It is a fine proof of the integrity of the British people that under these circumstances they do not stop to question whether, after all, honesty is the best policy. In the outcome we have no doubt that it will prove to be so, and the prospect is not so unpromising as at first sight it appears, for the realization is spreading in the United States that a war-debts policy which is strangling world trade is not the best one to follow. American manufacturers seem to have appreciated this fact to some extent already, and it is only a question of time until the financiers of Wall Street decide that a different policy is needed. It is not improbable that long before the five years accorded to France have elapsed, a general settlement of war debts on a generous basis will have been effected, and under such a settlement and the improved world conditions that would ensue Britain would benefit as much as her less deserving allies.

BUT in the meantime Great Britain is enduring the strain of an economic struggle more deadly though less spectacular than the war which preceded it. We in Canada have been free in criticizing the

United States for their attitude in accepting a dollar-for-dollar payment of an enormous war debt from an impoverished ally; but what have we Canadians done to help the Old Country in her extremity? Trade, and most of all, markets, has been her greatest need during these post-war years, so for an answer to our question we turn to the statistics of our trade with her. These show us that whereas in 1919 the average *ad valorem* duty we collected on our total British imports was 15 per cent., in 1924 the average was 18 per cent. In other words the net result of our post-war policy is that British goods entering our markets have been taxed more heavily instead of less. It is a queer thing that Canada, who cleaved to Britain throughout the war like the 'friend that sticketh closer than a brother', should have played the Levite's part in the years of economic stress that followed it; but the explanation of this anomaly is, of course, that our people as a whole were able to show their feeling in our war policy, while it is the disposition of the governing minority which is reflected in our trade policy. The great money-getting interests have governed our economic policy in the post-war years as they did in the pre-war years, and they have invariably directed it to their own immediate advantage in peace and war alike.

THAT a majority of Canadians would welcome a policy of free trade with Britain on grounds of sentiment alone is indisputable; that a majority appreciate the fact that such a policy would be economically sound is highly probable; that a purely Liberal or Conservative Government would ever sponsor and implement such a policy is the height of improbability. The Liberals who prate of free trade and the Tories who bleat of bonds of Empire and Imperial Preference have between them maintained a fiscal policy during the past thirty years which has taxed British imports an average *ad valorem* duty varying from 15 to 22 per cent., as against an average tax on American imports of from 11 to 15 per cent. If either of these parties secures a clear majority in the next parliament, that same policy will be maintained, and the Canadian as well as the British people will continue to suffer in consequence.

THE TWO-PARTY SYSTEM

IT is a matter of common knowledge that in certain parts of the United States the vested interests regulate the nominations of both political parties. They select a Republican candidate and a democratic candidate either of which will be sufficiently pliable for their purposes and then exert all their persuasive powers to have these selections approved by the respective party conventions. If they are successful in this, they can sit back with the utmost complacency know-

ing that whichever side wins in the political struggle their interests will have the ultimate victory. To a considerable extent this condition holds in Canada today. The Banks, investment houses, larger manufacturing firms, and the public-service corporations have sufficient influence in both the Conservative and Liberal Parties to insure their receiving a respectful hearing, whatever the result may be in the election. This power behind the throne does not so much initiate legislation as exercise a restrictive influence on legislators. For example, we believe that sweeping changes could be made in our credit system to the great benefit of the average citizen, but our financial institutions have so much control over the legislative machinery that no reformative proposals receive any serious consideration in Parliament. This in itself would be sufficient reason to make us hope that neither of the old parties has a clear majority in the next house, and that the Progressives will hold the balance of power: the farmer-labour members are on the whole less amenable to party discipline, have less reverence for tradition, and are steadily growing more critical of the machinations of special privilege.

LIBERALISM as a political force has undergone a strange transformation. A generation or so ago the Liberal Party was the poor man's party, the defender of the under-privileged classes; it advocated the extension of freedom in political institutions, the widening of the franchise, and a greater infusion of the democratic principle into government. As it increased in power and respectability its revolutionary enthusiasm waned, until in our recent times it ceased to be a reform party in any real sense of the word and became one of the pillars of established institutions. The new plutocracy is to a large degree nominally Liberal rather than Conservative, but it is just as opposed to progress and change as were the old Tory landowners in England half a century ago. An illuminating illustration of this may be found in Mr. Mackenzie King's treatment of the subject of electoral reform. At the last session but one a bill dealing with the alternative vote was given a first reading, and although it went no farther the Prime Minister gave an undertaking that it would be one of the first bills to receive consideration when the House reassembled. This was not done, and it was only after repeated enquiries towards the end of the session that the bill once more appeared and was given a first reading. Some time later Mr. Mackenzie King announced that he was not really enthusiastic about this change, and no further action was taken. At a recent meeting in Saskatoon he said, 'I have come to the conclusion that such a system helps to perpetuate third-party systems—I am beginning to change my mind on the question of the alternative vote'. That a three-party sys-

tem might more adequately represent public opinion means nothing to our Prime Minister because he appreciates that if, with proportional representation and the transferable vote, our system became so excessively democratic that all shades of opinion were represented in the House, the Prime Minister might no longer be Mr. Mackenzie King.

THE AGREEMENT AT LOCARNO

AS we go to press cable reports announce that agreement has been reached on the Security Pact at Locarno, and that the settlement has been hailed by M. Briand as an advance towards the day when the frontiers of Europe will fall down before the international spirit; but until the texts of the various agreements which have resulted from the conference are available, it is impossible to tell whether they will bring us nearer to the general and comprehensive treaty of arbitration which can alone ensure the pacification and disarmament of Europe. All the indications, however, give reason to hope that a forward-looking policy has triumphed at last over reaction. At the best, this agreement at Locarno means that France has committed herself to a new and a better policy, and that the greatest obstacle to European peace has been removed: at the least, it means that Germany has been restored to a position of equality and will now take the place in the councils of the League which she should have occupied long since. Russia is still left in the outer darkness, and it is not surprising that in these circumstances she should have been active in taking what measures she could to counteract what may appear to her as a dangerous consolidation of the capitalist countries of the continent. The sooner Russia is re-established in the comity of nations, the better it will be for Europe and for the world: that is the next step that must be taken towards the realization of this new ideal of M. Briand's of international barriers falling down before the international spirit.

SCIENTIFIC FORESTRY

CANADIANS can find little cause for self-congratulation in reading the record of the exploitation of our natural resources. It is a tale of greed and waste and muddle-minded effort; our mines and forests, our land, fisheries, and fur-bearing animals have alike been immolated at the shrine of individual cupidity. Perhaps no portion of our national heritage has been squandered so recklessly as our timber reserves: in most instances the lumbering interests have fallen upon our forests like a plague, cutting out the most valuable sticks and destroying the rest, passing on, and leaving a trail of desolation in their wake. In the face of this black record it is encouraging to find that one company at least is embarking on a more

enlightened policy. The Spanish River Company has announced a plan for scientific conservation on its properties. By selective cutting and reforestation this firm believes that it can obtain all the supplies that it will require, in perpetuity, from its present holdings. There are thousands of square miles in Canada where the land is unsuitable for agricultural purposes, and a wise government would ensure that all lumbering operations in this type of country should be carried out along the rational lines instituted by the Spanish River Company. In addition to protective legislation of this description, we would like to see the provincial governments set aside large tracts to be operated by the State as model timber limits.

SPORT

IN the interests of true sportsmanship, certain gentleman in New York and Pittsburg have enlisted the services of a number of young athletes who will represent these cities during the coming season in professional hockey. The personnel of the Pittsburg team is as follows: goal, Charlie Worters, Toronto; defence, Roger Smith, Ottawa, and Lionel Conacher, Toronto; right wing—but it is unnecessary to continue; the remaining members of both teams are all from north of the Great Lakes. Mr. 'Tex' Ricard, a patron of physical culture who has achieved much notoriety through the exhibitions of muscular prowess which have been presented to the public under his auspices, is the promotor of the New York Club, and it is announced that he has prepared a niche in the Madison Garden Rink which will contain the Stanley Cup after the conclusion of the hockey series. Col. Hammond, who is another supporter of the Manhattan skaters, dwelt on the aesthetic side of the display as follows: 'Showmanship will put the affair across in a way that will even stagger New York, accustomed as it is to the last word in thrills.' The derision with which any 100 per cent. Canadian will greet this announcement will be considerably modified when he remembers that the majority of the players on Canadian professional baseball teams are citizens of the United States. In the distant past the supporters of the home team could have a sense of civic pride in its performance, but commercialized sport tends to make such localized competition rather meaningless. The promoters of these athletic displays still attempt to utilize geographical rivalries to stimulate public interest, but the race for the dollar has obviously become the most popular sporting event in professional circles.

THE DARDANELLES OF SPAIN

ACORRESPONDENT writes: The first official telegrams announcing the disembarkation of the Spanish troops at Alhucemas Bay made the confession of five hundred dead—all sons-

of-a-gun of the Foreign Legion, of course—but since then the second ordeal of those thirty thousand Spanish lads has not been told. I refer to the conditions of the camp in the open bay of Alhucemas, so difficult to approach, and where water and provisions have to be taken from Spain. This sad episode of European history would not be of great interest to the people of America if it did not reveal the same lack of common sense, and lack of respect for the lives of the common people, that are to be found in all the governments of the world. The Riff had never been explored—we have not yet a map of it—and to pretend to enter there with tanks, planes, and other modern paraphernalia of war, as if it were the plains of Flanders, was the limit of folly. Moreover the Rifians are not like the Germans of 1918—tired of war and anxious to go to sleep in the old feather bed and drink the lager in good company. Every cactus in the Riff is a hiding-place for one or two marksmen, able to kill at least a dozen fellows before themselves are blown to pieces with the artillery. What will be the results of this calamity for Spain?

CHRISTIANITY IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union has indulged in the past a desire to make everyone live according to its own somewhat rigid standards of virtue, and has frequently been a target for masculine wit in consequence. But in a recent exchange of views with an aggregation of men—and men representing the highest level of collective righteousness—the W.C.T.U. emerged defeated, but with all honour. The W.C.T.U. requested the Anglican Church in Canada to express its official disapproval of military training in the educational institutions of the country, since the spirit of war is opposed to the spirit of the Church, and since it is therefore the duty of the Church to make war impossible. This request, we may conjecture, would have brought a brief and vigorous answer from the Church's Master. But, as Kirksopp Lake once remarked, in life as in chess bishops move obliquely, and an Anglican Synod required a considerable number of words to explain just how, in time of need, Christian Brotherhood may, like *Habeas Corpus*, be suspended. The published report of the Synod's resolution read in part as follows:

That while we heartily agree with the Canadian National Women's Christian Temperance Union that the spirit of war is opposed to the spirit of the church, and that while, therefore, it is the duty of the Christian church to do all in its power to make war impossible, yet we believe that there are times when it becomes the duty of Christian men to take up arms in defence of the sacred principles of liberty and truth and righteousness as the British Empire did in the case of the late World War. . . .

In other words, the Church will do 'all in its power to make war impossible' (since it will not go so far as to say that war is wrong, the nature of this 'all' remains vague) and will, on Sunday, pray for peace and good-will among the nations; but for weekdays it will continue to endorse the training of young men for killing, so that when it becomes necessary to defend truth and righteousness—or possibly oil fields—we may have plenty of soldiers, as well as God, on our side. If our bishops are accustomed to reading history, past or present, they should be aware that no civilized nation ever fought a war which was not a war 'in defence of the sacred principles of liberty and truth and righteousness'—such as the South African war, which, being in defence of an oppressed Empire, was conducted with ecclesiastical aid and blessing. Meanwhile, the W.C.T.U. has fallen into line with intelligent thought in America and Europe, while the Anglican Synod lags behind in the somewhat inappropriate company of Prussian Junkers, French chauvinists, and Young Turks.

CONCERNING THE ELECTION

IF a country needs clear thinking at any one time more than another it is during the campaign of a general election; yet Canadian thought has rarely been more muddled than during the past six weeks. This depressing condition, of course, is largely due to the systematic befogging of all clear issues by the two political parties which influence most of our press, combined with the usual almost unconscious suppression by the ruling minority of the discussion of questions which may be vital to the people but are obnoxious to themselves. To those among us who are not governed by considerations of party or group, the paradoxes of our politics offer an interesting field for comment.

A subject on which we have heard a great deal of nonsense from the Conservatives lately is the 'exodus' to the United States. It is popularly estimated, and in this case the estimate may not be far wrong, that half a million Canadians have emigrated to the States during the past five years. We do not like the even temporary loss of these citizens any more than do our more noisily patriotic contemporaries, but we would infinitely prefer that they should be earning a decent living abroad rather than be starving at home. And since, even after this half-million have migrated, we still have some unemployed left with us, that is what would have happened to them: they would have starved, slowly, on insufficient relief-allowances. The depression that followed the Peace was world-wide; it is doubtful whether even able statesmanship, had it been forthcoming, could have entirely averted its

effects on Canada. Under the prevailing circumstances, the migration of our surplus labour to the United States has been a blessing so thinly disguised that we are astonished at the density of the Liberal chieftains in not boldly claiming credit for it, instead of shivering in their boots at every Conservative denunciation of 'this exodus of our young manhood!—a bogey-cry designed to frighten women voters.

But, now that the depression shows signs of lifting at last, we want to get our half million citizens back, and more with them. Yet although we have heard a great deal of cheery optimism from the Liberals about our favourable trade balance, our bumper wheat crop, and the increasing prosperity of our basic industries, we have yet to hear of any considered policy to that end. Judging by their platform, they consider the outlook for Canada so promising that no active policy is needed. They plead the burden of the railways as an excuse for continued high taxes on the ordinary citizen, yet, although the way is open to them to turn the railways from a liability into an asset, they refuse to take it, or indeed to admit that it is there. They stress the need of immigration, since it is obvious that a larger population is required to carry easily our oversized physical equipment; yet they offer no constructive policy designed to attract immigrants, although it should be quite as obvious that the only way to get them is so to arrange our affairs that we can offer a good livelihood, unburdened by excessive taxation, to newcomers, and that just so soon as we have done this the tide of immigration will begin to flow towards the St. Lawrence.

The Liberals, with their lack of any definite policy, provide a superficial contrast to the Conservatives, who offer a policy as definite as it is sterile—higher protection. Now we have already had protection for so long in this country that Canadians are in danger of forgetting that a real need for protection is as surely a sign of weakness in a nation as in an individual. Protection may sometimes be good for an old country, but it is never good for a young one, and to us the spectacle of Canadians flocking into factory towns and clamouring for 'protection' is as distressing as it would be to see a young lumberjack exchange his peavy for a tailor's needle and then bellow for a chest protector like his grandfather's. If the Liberals had held to a free-trade platform we do not think that the Canadian electorate would have hesitated in their choice between a policy under which the majority of our population would farm and lumber and fish and mine a wealth of raw material for the minority to manufacture in large-scale healthy industries, and one under which half our people would sweat in small factories behind a tariff wall as high as Haman to produce for an impoverished other half every kind of trumpery from lingerie to egg-cups.

But the Liberals have recanted their quondam faith, and while their leaders lay heavy stress on the evils that would follow higher protection, they announce at the same time their paradoxical intention, if returned to power, to maintain the high protection that already exists. We can hardly believe that they have been stampeded into this protective policy by the Conservative bogey of Canadians becoming 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the United States, for surely all good Liberals would prefer to be a nation of Gladstones and Rebekahs rather than one composed of Rockefellers and Hetty Greens. We can only conclude that they have been converted to protection by the persuasive proselytising of those priests of Mammon who long ago made the Conservatives their own.

And this brings us to the most singular paradox of the present election campaign, which is to be found on investigating the insistent demand of the ruling minority for lower taxes on business. When we read the editorial columns of some of our contemporaries we shudder at the pictures drawn of 'business' staggering along under an insupportable burden of taxation that cramps its every effort towards development. Our captains of industry and finance are apparently fighting a Herculean battle against fearful odds, and can be expected to do no more than hold their own until an enlightened Government comes to their rescue. But when we turn to the financial pages of our daily press to investigate further this grievous condition of business in the facts and figures of finance, we are astounded to discover that the outstanding fact of the present economic situation is a glut of capital! Now this is a most remarkable fact, that while the people of our country as a whole are suffering from hard times, while labour is receiving lower wages because of those hard times, and the farmers are only beginning to recover from the depression of the past four years, there is such an accumulation of capital that it is impossible to find profitable investment for it, so that the captains of industry and finance who possess it have this further embarrassment added to their already insupportable burden.

In this state of affairs the advice offered by the minority who are embarrassed by their riches to the great majority who are embarrassed by the lack of them is still the solemn exhortation: 'Work and save!' We would observe that Canadians have never been slackers when work is to be done, and that as for saving—although they are doing their share, as the increase of sixty millions in savings deposits in the past year proves—it is obvious that when there is a glut of capital further saving by any class can only result in an aggravation of our economic complaints. The remedy for them can only be found in a policy that will turn our surplus capital into consuming power.

If this economic problem is considered impartially,

the first, and most obvious, inference to be drawn is one which at first sight may not seem to harmonize with the wishes of those capitalists over whose sad plight so many of our contemporaries are perturbed, yet which, if acted on, would promise best for the country. We must have more taxation instead of less, although it must be distributed somewhat differently to what it has been in the past. We can understand the animosity of many business men to the sales tax, which imposes on prosperous and unprosperous businesses alike; but the business profits tax and the income tax could be increased on the higher levels without hardship to anybody. If that were done much of this accumulated capital which is at present unproductive would be made available for the Government to spend on useful public works that would increase employment and so stimulate consumption, while the lower taxation, direct and indirect, on the ordinary citizen which would also be made possible would result in a further increase of consuming power. In the long run this is a policy which would benefit the pro-

ducer as well as the small consumer, whom at first glance it seems to favour to the exclusion of everybody else.

If our railways, tariffs, and direct taxation were subjected to a wise and vigorously liberal policy at Ottawa, Canada would soon be in a position where, instead of paying out good money to get immigrants who promptly emigrate to the States, she would be able to pick and choose settlers who would stay here and help build up the country. We are well aware that no one nation can hope to become Utopia while the rest of the world is unsettled and depressed. But the signs are pointing to a better world condition, and Canada should be one of the first countries to feel the general improvement. If we put our house in order now, we will be ready to make the fullest use of better times when they come. On the ability of our representatives in the next Parliament to consider these questions in the best interests of the nation, Canada's future will largely depend. We wish we could regard the prospect more hopefully than we do.

THE ANSWER TO THE RAILWAY RIDDLE

IN the history of the Canadian railways we have a remarkable record of persistent myopia on the part of our politicians with an equal degree of farsightedness displayed by a series of self-centred private financiers who have manipulated the cards to their own great profit. The initial error made by our representative statesmen was when the Canadian Pacific, which started as a state enterprise, was handed over to the Company in 1880 during the second ministry of Sir John A. Macdonald, with the blessing of the Government, a large cash subsidy, and twenty-five million acres of land. The precedent thus established was maintained in full force until 1917-18, when the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk systems were taken over by the Government; and during this period of thirty-eight years it was a lean season when one or other of the companies did not receive a gift of land or funds from the public purse.

When our rulers decided to take over the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk lines, it must not be imagined that the Cabinet had been converted by a miracle to the principle of State Socialism, or that they acted entirely in the interests of the small shareholders and the general public. They may have been influenced to some extent by these considerations, for most men are impelled by a curious mixture of motives; but it can hardly be doubted that they were primarily actuated by interests that were neither so general nor so philanthropic. The real governing class of Canada operates through an interlocking directorate which controls Parliament, the banking system, and

the railways. It is inexact to say that the banks or the railways own the Government, as these three institutions are sub-divisions of the one system; and it is this economic trinity that really rules our Dominion. If the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk lines had been permitted to go into liquidation in the ordinary way, certain of our banks would have been severely shaken and several influential and affluent individuals would have been subjected to pecuniary embarrassment. In order to avoid such a distressing *contretemps* the people of Canada assumed liabilities far in excess of the actual physical value of the properties they acquired, and unborn generations of Canadians will have to meet the interest on those obligations.

If, from the start of our railway building, every mile of line had been constructed and operated under a system of government ownership we would not be faced with our present problem, and the citizens of Canada would be several hundreds of million dollars in pocket. Instead of this we have adhered strictly to the principle that where a railway could only be operated at a loss it must be run by the State, but if a section of road could be made to yield a profit it should immediately be placed in the hands of private capitalists. This 'heads you win, tails we lose' policy apparently has the support of the majority of our members of parliament, and the leaders of all three parties have publicly announced that they cannot countenance a plan that would result in turning the railway system of Canada into an asset instead of a liability. This

could be accomplished by the amalgamation of the Canadian Pacific and the National Railways under a system of State ownership and operation, and it has been estimated that by this simple expedient an annual deficit of fifty-two millions could be turned into a surplus of from twenty to fifty millions. This proposal has been supported in the House by W. F. Maclean (South York), W. D. Euler (North Waterloo), and J. S. Woodsworth (Centre Winnipeg)—Conservative, Liberal, and Independent Labour members respectively—and it is significant that no serious attempt was made to controvert the arguments put forward by these gentlemen in favour of amalgamation. No high financing is necessary; the Canadian Pacific would be merged in the National Railways, the shareholders would be guaranteed the present return on their investment, and the public would be saved the enormous cost entailed in unnecessary duplication of services. The Minister of Railways has admitted that he has no doubt that the shareholders would welcome such a proposal. But Mr. Mackenzie King is in favour of 'healthy competition', regardless of the obvious fact that this is a euphonious synonym for wasteful expenditure in the realm of rail transportation. We cannot have real competition without overlap, and this is an unsupportable luxury for Canada with her present burden of financial obligations.

Now what are the main objections which have been raised to this proposal? One of the first difficulties put forward was that a government monopoly would place too much power in the hands of the politicians, and that this influence might be wrongfully used to further the subterranean practice of party patronage. If this criticism had been made by outsiders it might be considered a valid argument, but when members of parliament deprecate a plan because it would place more power in their possession, one may be pardoned for concluding that they are swayed by quite other motives. It has been plainly demonstrated that a government monopoly may be efficiently conducted by a commission which need be subject to only a minimum of governmental interference. Many big business organizations carry on under a system of absentee ownership, and whether ultimate ownership is vested in the State or in a group of individuals should make little difference to the effectiveness of actual management.

The Hon. George P. Graham in a recent speech called attention to the difficulties and dangers of this problem and quoted a pseudo-authority to the effect that amalgamation would mean throwing fifty thousand employees out of work—and it may be mentioned in parenthesis that some of the more conservative and short-sighted leaders of the railway unions are also opposing any drastic changes on the same grounds. In the first place, this is rather a dangerous argument

because if the facts are as stated it means that the public is paying the wages of fifty thousand unnecessary people, and, as the average railwayman's pay is about \$1,400 a year, the public is thereby being taxed to the tune of seventy millions per annum on this item alone. Even if this were the actual situation we believe that the workers would be ill-advised in opposing reorganization, because so long as the country is losing money on the railways there will be persistent pressure brought to bear on the Government to reduce the pay of the men, and their only hope for a fair wage is to place the system in a position where it is not overloaded with surplus dependents. As an instance of this, the pay-roll of the men was reduced last year by over seven millions, whereas the salaries of superintendence were increased by half a million.

We do not believe, however, that these startling estimates of the staff reduction that would follow amalgamation are approximately accurate. The average number of employees on all steam railways last year was 159,000, and consolidation of all the lines would result probably in a reduction of not more than twenty per cent., say 30,000 men. Even at this reduced figure, if all these workers were discharged within a short period it would lead to a great aggravation of the problem of unemployment and would work a grave injustice on the railwaymen; but if all the lines were brought under one system four or five years would necessarily elapse before all duplication and overlap were eliminated, and the reduction of staff could be a very gradual process. The seasonal variation in employment is very considerable on the railways—from 179,000 in June to 143,000 in December last year—which means that twenty per cent. of the maximum force are employed only on part time, and some thousands of these only work for three or four of the summer months. This periodicity is a problem in itself, and will persist whether we have amalgamation or not. But in addition to this part-time labour turnover, there must be a permanent annual reduction of at least five per cent., through deaths, discharges, resignations and retirements under the age limit, so that if no new men were taken on there would be an automatic reduction of thirty thousand in four years.

It would, of course, be absurd to suggest that the normal turnover would exactly coincide with the reduction that would be made through amalgamation, and there would be considerable numbers of certain classes of employees who would be deprived of a job. We believe that it would be in the best interests of the whole community if the State accepted the responsibility of finding occupations for these surplus workers. If we are going to make a saving of a hundred millions a year we can afford to be generous, even if we are obliged to pay unemployment benefits until these people are absorbed in some other industry. There is a popu-

lar theory that all sailors cherish a desire to retire to a farm, and it is just possible that the brakeman as he rattles through the countryside on a rough night may have a similar ambition. We have no information on this point, but if any appreciable number of railway workers have a bucolic complex we might provide the financial assistance for a back-to-the-land movement. There are other projects such as the St. Lawrence waterways scheme, the completion of the Hudson Bay line—if this is to be undertaken—in which the ex-railwaymen could be given a preference which would absorb all surplus labour if the problem were scientifically handled.

If the labour problem presented by amalgamation can be solved, what further objection is there to the proposal? From the point of view of the general public there is none, but we must remember that, although this is nominally a democratic country, the

general public exercises little real control over such matters as national finance. There are financial groups who have hopes of relieving the people of their railways and working the old game of exploitation of our natural resources. These interests trust that the public will become in time wearied of meeting large deficits, and that by skilful propaganda they will be able to create a popular demand for the return of the railways to capitalistic ownership. Part of the present capitalization would of course be written off and added to our National Debt, and the rejuvenated system, placed once more on a paying basis, would produce fortunes for a new generation of Lord Beaverbrooks. The gentlemen who are planning this campaign have influence in the financial world and with the press, and are not without representation in parliament. It is only by vigorous counter-propaganda that their plans for plunder will be checkmated.

THE FISCAL FUTURE OF CANADA—I

BY J. A. STEVENSON

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the general election now in progress, it is abundantly clear that no serious inroads upon the protectionist system now existing need be contemplated. Mr. Marler defines the existing fiscal arrangements as an up-to-date version of the Fielding tariff of 1907, whose protectionist character was thoroughly exposed by the late Edward Porritt in his book *Sixty Years Protection in Canada*, and the Prime Minister, convinced that it is a 'common sense' tariff, avows his intention of maintaining it. Moreover, during the last session of Parliament an influential group of protectionist Liberals from Quebec gave blunt intimation that they would countenance no more tariff reductions, and Mr. King is not likely to command a following in the next Parliament sufficiently large to prevent such a veto being effective. On the other hand, Mr. Meighen offers us the prospect of a stiff dose of higher protection; and while he does not go so far as his Quebec ally, Mr. Patenaude, in demanding the abolition of the British preference, he hints darkly that a new bargain may have to be struck about it for the purpose of extracting reciprocal concessions from Britain. But the threats levelled at the British preference are not confined to the Conservative Party; for Mr. W. D. Euler, of North Waterloo, one of the strange breed of Independent Liberal Protectionists who are appearing in odd corners, has been fulminating against it, and various Liberal candidates in Montreal have announced their whole-hearted disapproval of its results.

It is futile to cherish any illusions about the British preference. Liberal orators here are wont to

point to it as proof of the superior 'loyalty' of their party, and Imperialist zealots in Britain usually depict it as the fine free-will offering of a devoted daughter-state to the motherland which has gone too long unrequited; but most intelligent people know that in its origin it was a shrewd economic scheme, devised by Mr. Fielding to save the face of the Liberal Party when, as the result of a pre-election bargain with the manufacturers, they found themselves compelled to jettison the very definite free-trade pledges embodied in the Liberal platform of 1893. When he launched his Tariff Reform movement, the late Joseph Chamberlain was not satisfied that Canada's preference had given the anticipated stimulus to British trade, and at a later date Lord Milner, who knew more than most people about Imperial trade relations, expressed the view that it had done little more than enable Britain to maintain her old share of Canada's trade and prevent the United States from obtaining a virtual monopoly of the Canadian market. In some lines it has doubtless served as an instrument of relief to the Canadian consumer, but close students of its workings are convinced that in many cases it simply operates as a subsidy either to the British manufacturers or the shipping companies. Even under free trade the process of industrial combination has made tremendous headway in Britain since this century began, and there are now comparatively few lines of industry in which some sort of combine of manufacturers does not exist. The export trade in many commodities is handled through a single channel, and it is quite a simple process to bring the price of a British article for the Canadian market up to a level which just enables it to beat

its American or European competitor. And if the inquiry into that strange affair, the Petersen contract, did nothing else, it demonstrated the rare capacity of the shipping companies who frequent our ports to exact for their services 'all that the traffic will bear'. Even with the small increase in the British preference which was embodied in the Budget of 1923, British trade is no more than holding its own in Canada, and the conviction is growing, in view of the attitude of certain elements in all the Dominions to the preference, that the system as at present worked is more likely to be a solvent than a bond of Empire. Many of the sincere and single-hearted Imperialists who have for years preached the gospel of mutual preference in and out of season were honestly convinced that its inauguration was opening the door for Free Trade within the Empire, but for the moment this goal seems further away from attainment than ever. That its desirability, however, is to-day greater than ever will be the theme of the present article and a successor.

The growth of the Dominions, tested by the standards of older European countries, has been phenomenal, but it is not generally realized how far short of expectations cherished some decades ago it has fallen. In the early nineties, Senator Sir George Foster, then Minister of Finance in a Conservative Government, made a speech in London in which he confidently predicted that within his lifetime the white population of the Dominions would exceed the population of Great Britain. Sir George is happily still alive, but to-day the whole of the British Dominions do not contain much more than one-third of the population of the British Isles; in the intervening years since that speech was made the British Isles have experienced a heavy annual loss through emigration, but their aggregate gain of population has been twice as large as the total increment of the Dominion peoples. What cause exists for the disappointing character of the increase in the British population living overseas? Might it not be found in the character of the economic systems under which they have chosen to live? In the early colonial stages of the history of the Dominions they all enjoyed free trade with Britain, which gave them access to cheap manufactured goods and assuredly promoted the rapid progress of settlement, and there is clear evidence that their rate of population gain was relatively much faster before they became captivated by a passion for seeing the tall chimneys smoke and turned to systems of protectionism. Protection in the Dominions has undoubtedly increased the number of manufacturing establishments, but it should not be allowed to claim credit for the total gain in industry. The National Policy came into operation in 1879, and an examination of the census figures will shew that, despite its friendly shelter, industrial towns in the East like

Hamilton, Brantford, and Sherbrooke made only very slow and gradual gains in population for the next thirty years. Their great strides forward did not commence till about the year 1898 when the aggressive immigration policy of Sir Clifford Sifton brought droves of settlers into the West and created an enormous demand for commodities of all kinds. It was the growth of the West more than the protectionist system which brought prosperity to the manufacturing centres of Eastern Canada.

To-day what is our economic situation? Liberal orators have been making great play with the creditable showing of our foreign trade returns, but they are not exactly reliable tests of prosperity. Heavy exports may indicate low purchasing power in the domestic market, compelling the producers of many commodities to sell them abroad. Again, the *per capita* foreign trade of Great Britain is much higher than the parallel trade of the United States, but who would venture to suggest that the latter is not the more materially prosperous country? In the last few years there have been some improving tendencies in our economic situation. There has been a fortunate adjustment in the equilibrium between the prices of agricultural products and manufactured goods, and there has been what might be designated a boom in the pulp and paper industry and great activity in our mining areas; the fishing industry, which was greatly depressed after the war, has been recovering ground.

But the comparative prosperity which the great natural industries have been enjoying has clearly not been extended to the secondary industries; it is true that some of them which have enjoyed exceptionally skilful management, like the Canada Cement Company, or which are fortunately situated in regard to raw materials, like the great milling companies, have easily maintained their dividends and even increased them; but many others have either been experiencing a serious depression or have suffered a disastrous setback. Some of the strugglers have taken refuge in the bosoms of great American corporations, while others are just keeping themselves afloat in the hope that the return of a Conservative Government will bring them salvation in the shape of a higher scale of protective duties. At the time of writing it is quite uncertain whether this latter hope will be realized or not, but it is reasonably certain that the results of a higher tariff would be exceedingly disappointing to many manufacturers who pin their faith on it.

The fact is that in these days the extent of the market to which he has access is much more important to a manufacturer than the height of his tariff protection. We have come to an age of mass production, and, given the possibility of the easy disposal of an enormous output, its costs can be amazingly reduced, as Henry Ford and others have clearly demonstrated.

Only under very exceptional circumstances has the small factory employing fifty to a hundred hands any chance of success to-day. Take the case of our woollen industry. Since the war a considerable number of woollen factories in Ontario have closed their doors, and their managers and shareholders are wont to attribute their plight to the evil incidence of British competition, aggravated by recent tariff reductions. The real truth is that since the war the British woollen industry, from which the chief competition comes, has been reorganized on modern up-to-date lines. Individual mills are concentrating upon a very few types of goods and use a common buying and selling agency with mills which concentrate on different types. An enormous reduction of costs and greater efficiency in distribution has been made possible, and these gains have more than offset the handicaps imposed by geographical distance and tariffs in the Canadian and other Dominion markets. Meanwhile our woollen manufacturers are pottering along with small, individualist establishments, whose overhead cost is prodigious, trying to make anything from twenty to a hundred different kinds of woollen goods, and their managers wonder why they cannot hold the local market against their British competitors. Accordingly, until the woollen industry in Canada is reorganized in conformity with modern conditions, it can expect to face dark and difficult times, and higher tariffs will not really remedy its plight. The same is true of numerous other industries in the Dominion; the narrowness of the local market, limited as it is by the protectionist system, makes the specialization which is everywhere demanded an enormously expensive process, and the great foreign corporations with their huge mass-productions find no difficulty in competing successfully with the expensively produced local commodity.

The world is moving on, and it has now passed the stage when small political societies, eager to become self-sustaining in every department of life, can shut themselves up behind protectionist barriers and expect to flourish and expand. Protectionism can justify itself as an economic creed provided the protected market is large, and people in the British Commonwealth, who are fond of drawing a moral from what they regard as the enviable success of protectionism in the United States, should begin to realize that a political community which keeps its economic life in half a dozen watertight compartments, as the British Commonwealth does to-day, fails to offer parallel conditions for the success of protectionism. Once the British Commonwealth has made itself, like the United States, a great free-trade area, its citizens can contemplate with equanimity the construction of a common tariff hoop.

(To be continued.)



EVOLUTION OF TO-DAY*

THE appearance of *Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge* might be said to mark the return to sanity of the scientific mind which was quite disorientated by the publication of the *Origin of Species*. It was not Darwin but his disciples who spread the false doctrines.

The contributions to the present volume are of three main types—physical sciences, biological sciences, and philosophical studies in their relation to evolution.

The volume opens with Dr. Jean's account of Cosmogony, and this is followed by chapters on the Evolution of the Earth by Dr. Harold Jeffreys, and on Geology by Professor Watts. Professor Soddy writes on Physics and Chemistry.

From this section it might be inferred that the material universe is going to pieces. Disintegration, rather than synthesis is the predominant feature observable in the inorganic world. If change be regarded as evolution, then evolution is all in the backward direction. According to Professor Soddy it is the complex elements which are breaking down to simpler ones, not the simple uniting to form more complex ones.

In the biological world, on the other hand, the trend is in the other direction. Life presumably started in primitive organisms, and from these progressively more complex plants and animals developed. The publication of the *Origin of Species* held promise of a fairly complete genealogy of plants and animals, but the expectation has proved a little too sanguine, for, according to Professor Bower, botany is far from being completely systematized. Botanical knowledge of to-day is likened to a bundle of twigs rather than to a genealogical tree with a main stem and a definite system of branching. Yet the evidence we have places beyond doubt the belief that the higher plants are descended from simpler ones.

In Zoology, Professor MacBride takes the main facts of evolution for granted and devotes his attention to the shortcomings of the Darwinian philosophy. Professor MacBride finds it difficult, like Samuel Butler, who is not mentioned in his bibliography, to pitchfork mind out of the universe; and although he gives us some interesting modern evidence in favour of the inheritance of the effects of use and disuse, yet it would seem that his argument has not sufficient weight

* "Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge" (Blakie & Son; pp. 528; 21/-).

to put the Lamarckian view before that of Darwin in the minds of biologists.

In the Anthropology section, Professor Elliot Smith will have no psychological explanations for the similarity of customs in widely scattered races, and other scientists who differ in their views from those of Professor Smith are dealt with in a manner sometimes verging on the abusive. Professor Smith is more than a dogmatic scientist; he would put a twitch on his reader's nose to administer his doctrine!

An outstanding contribution (for our giants vary in stature) is that of Professor Lloyd Morgan on Biology. He leaves us with a strong impression that there is little room for dogmatism on theories of how evolution takes place. He recognizes the modern tendency to interpret biology in psychological terms. But because the biological story is not complete there is no reason to suppose that a psychological one will be any nearer the whole truth. In Professor Morgan's words,

Two stories may be told with regard to the living organism—one story in biological terms of what happens to or in the body, and another in psychological terms of what processes go on in the mind. I should suggest that we should accept these two stories as closely connected—since all admit that there is some kind of connection between body and mind—without asserting that the events with which one story deals are either the cause or the effect of the events with which the other story deals.

Professor Lloyd Morgan presents an attractive and logical philosophy. It is akin to Spencer's in some respects, but he does not mistake analogy for identity as Spencer did. He does not draw any hard and fast lines between 'living' and 'dead' matter, for what we now call 'dead' matter may at any moment acquire life. It is not unthinkable. In plants we find that there is a synthesis of formaldehyde, sugars, amino acids, and proteins, and much of this synthesis is possible in the laboratory without the aid of any living agency. In the plant there is what may be regarded as a true evolution of new organic substances. To make his 'evolution' quite clear Professor Morgan prefers to speak of it as 'emergent evolution' for what characterizes it is the emergence of new qualities. Thus, sugar is composed of formaldehyde and proteins of amino acids; yet sugar is not formaldehyde, nor are proteins amino acids. Sugars and proteins have new properties which have emerged with the aggregation of formaldehyde and of amino acid molecules. It is conceivable that the emergence of life is just another step forward in complexity, and, with life, mind gradually develops until it reaches its peak in man.

It might be said that this is just Spencer over again, and that after all mind is only an epiphenomenon of matter. But if this is so, mind nevertheless is not of less significance than matter any more than proteins are of less significance than amino acids,

or we might say than man is of less significance than apes or even less attractive progenitors. As Professor Taylor points out in his chapter on Philosophy, quoting Butler, 'Everything is itself, and not another thing'.

Another important question in evolutionary hypotheses is that of the continuity or discontinuity of the process. The older and more literal meaning of the word was that of a 'progressive unfolding, as explicit, of that which was already implicitly in being'. Prof. Morgan believes that the process has been discontinuous and that new characters spring into existence in a quite unaccountable way. He instances the quantum theory in physics, the discontinuous nature of the elements from hydrogen to uranium, and the differences in character between the molecule and crystal as evidence for his view that nature, at least in its abiological region, is 'jumpy', and that new characters emerge at different levels. We have mentioned the 'emergence' of sugars and proteins in the biological realm. Professor Morgan thinks that evolutionary advance is explainable only on the assumption of a creative agency. Professor MacDougall in his chapter on Mental Evolution is not satisfied with this. He asks 'what is the creative agency?' and answers, 'purposive striving'. By the use of a psychological term we think that Professor MacDougall does not go further than Dr. Morgan, and of course he is limiting the idea of evolution to the organic world.

Little need be said about the rest of the book beyond mention of our delight at finding included in such a work a chapter on Philosophy by Professor A. E. Taylor of Edinburgh, one on Space and Time by Dr. Alfred Robb, and finally the very personal and interesting chapter on 'The Religious Effect of the Idea of Evolution' by the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Canon of Worcester.

PESTLE.



THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Correspondents must confine themselves to 400 words, otherwise the Editors reserve the right to cut. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column

DRACULA

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Your reviewer who did not remember the name of the author of *Dracula* may wish to know that he was Bram Stoker. He was business manager for Sir Henry Irving and had a circle of friends in Toronto.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE C. BIGGAR.

Toronto.



'FOLLOWED THE MONARCH TO HIS GRAVE'

THE CACHALOT

BY E. J. PRATT

I

A THOUSAND years now had his breed
 Established the mammalian lead;
 The founder (in cetacean lore)
 Had followed Leif to Labrador;
 The eldest-born tracked all the way
 Marco Polo to Cathay;
 A third had hounded one whole week
 The great Columbus to Bahama;
 A fourth outstripped to Mozambique
 The flying squadron of de Gama;
 A fifth had often crossed the wake
 Of Cortez, Cavendish and Drake;
 The great grandsire—a veteran rover—
 Had entered once the strait of Dover,
 In a naval fight, and with his hump—
 Had stove a bottom of Van Tromp;
 The grandsire at Trafalgar swam
 At the Redoubtable and caught her,
 With all the tonnage of his ram,
 Deadly between the wind and water;
 And his granddam herself was known
 As fighter and as navigator,
 The mightiest mammal in the zone
 From Baffin Bay to the Equator.
 From such a line of conjugate sires
 Issued his blood, his lumbar fires,
 And from such dams imperial-loined
 His Taurian timbers had been joined,
 And when his time had come to hasten
 Forth from his deep sub-mammary basin,
 Out on the ocean tracts, his mama
 Had, in a North Saghalien gale,
 Launched him, a five-ton healthy male,
 Between Hong Kong and Yokohama.
 Now after ninety moons of days,
 Sheltered by the mammoth fin,
 He took on adolescent ways
 And learned the habits of his kin;
 Ransacked the seas and found his mate,
 Established his dynastic name,
 Reared up his youngsters, and became
 The most dynamic vertebrate
 (According to his Royal Dame)
 From Tonga to the Hudson Strait.
 And from the start, by fast degrees,
 He won in all hostilities;
 Sighted a hammerhead and followed him,
 Ripped him from jaw to ventral, swallowed him;
 Pursued a shovel-nose and mangled him;
 Twisted a broadbill's neck and strangled him;
 Conquered a rorqual in full sight

Of a score of youthful bulls who spurred
 Him to the contest, and the fight
 Won him the mastery of the herd.

Another ninety moons and Time
 Had cast a marvel from his hand,
 Unmatched on either sea or land—
 A sperm whale in the pitch of prime.
 A hundred feet or thereabout
 He measured from the tail to snout,
 And every foot of that would run
 From fifteen hundred to a ton.
 But huge as was his tail or fin,
 His bulk of forehead, or his hoists
 And slow subsidences of jaw,
 He was more wonderful within.
 His iron ribs and spinal joists
 Enclosed the sepulchre of a maw.
 The bellows of his lungs might sail
 A herring skiff—such was the gale
 Along the wind-pipe; and so large
 The lymph-flow of his active liver,
 One might believe a fair-sized barge
 Could navigate along the river;
 And the islands of his pancreas
 Were so tremendous that between 'em
 A punt would founder; while a 'flivver'
 Or a dog-cart might be made to pass
 His bile-duct to the duodenum.
 And cataracts of red blood stormed
 His heart, while lower down was formed
 That fearful labyrinthine coil
 Filled with the musk of ambergris;
 And there were reservoirs of oil
 And spermaceti; and renal juices
 That poured in torrents without cease
 Throughout his grand canals and sluices.
 And hid in his arterial flow
 Were flames and currents set aglow
 By the wild pulses of the chase
 With fighters of the Saxon race.
 A tincture of an iron grain
 Had dyed his blood a darker stain;
 Upon his coat of toughest rubber
 A dozen cicatrices showed
 The place as many barbs were stowed,
 Twisted and buried in his blubber,
 The mute reminders of the hours
 Of combat when the irate whale
 Unlimbered all his massive powers
 Of head-ram and of caudal flail,
 Littering the waters with the chips
 Of whale-boats and vainglorious ships.

II

Where Cape Delgado strikes the sea,
 A cliff ran outward slantingly
 A mile along a tossing edge
 Of water towards a coral ledge,
 Making a sheer and downward climb
 Of twenty fathoms where it ended,
 Forming a jutting scarp suspended
 Over a cave of murk and slime.
 A dull reptilian silence hung
 About the walls, and fungus clung
 To knots of rock, and over boles
 Of lime and basalt poisonous weed
 Grew rampant, covering the holes
 Where crayfish and sea-urchins breed.
 The upper movement of the seas
 Across the reefs could not be heard;
 The nether tides but faintly stirred
 Sea-nettles and anemones.
 A thick festoon of lichens crawled
 From crag to crag, and under it
 Half-hidden in a noisome pit
 Of bones and shells a kraken sprawled.
 Moveless, he seemed, as a boulder set
 In pitch, and dead within his lair,
 Except for a transfixing stare
 From lidless eyes of burnished jet,
 And a hard spasm now and then
 Within his viscous centre, when
 His scabrous feelers intertwined
 Would stir, vibrate, and then unwind
 Their ligatures with easy strength
 To tap the gloom, a cable length;
 And finding no life that might touch
 The mortal radius of their clutch,
 Slowly relax, and shorten up
 Each tensile tip, each suction cup,
 And coil again around the head
 Of the mollusc on its miry bed,
 Like a litter of pythons settling there
 To shutter the Gorgonian stare.

But soon the squid's antennæ caught
 A murmur that the waters brought—
 No febrile stirring as might spring
 From a puny barracuda lunging
 At a tuna's leap, some minor thing,
 A tarpon or a dolphin plunging—
 But a deep consonant that rides
 Below the measured beat of tides,
 With that vast, undulating rhythm
 A sounding sperm whale carries with him.
 The kraken felt that as the flow
 Beat on his lair with plangent power,

It was the challenge of his foe,
 The prelude to a fatal hour;
 Nor was there given him more than time,
 From that first instinct of alarm,
 To ground himself in deeper slime,
 And raise up each enormous arm
 Above him, when, unmeasured, full
 On the revolving ramparts, broke
 The hideous rupture of a stroke
 From the forehead of the bull.
 And when they interlocked, that night—
 Cetacean and cephalopod—
 No Titan with Olympian god
 Had ever waged a fiercer fight;
 Tail and skull and teeth and maw
 Met sinew, cartilage, and claw,
 Within those self-engendered tides,
 Where the Acherontic flood
 Of sepia, mingling with the blood
 Of whale, befouled Delgado's sides.
 And when the cachalot out-wore
 The squid's tenacious clasp, he tore
 From frame and socket, shred by shred,
 Each gristled, writhing tentacle,
 And with serrated mandible
 Sawed cleanly through the bulbous head;
 Then gorged upon the fibrous jelly
 Until, finding that ten tons lay
 Like Vulcan's anvil in his belly,
 He left a thousand sharks his prey,
 And with his flukes, slow-labouring, rose
 To a calm surface where he shot
 A roaring geyser, steaming hot,
 From the blast-pipe of his nose.
 One hour he rested, in the gloom
 Of the after-midnight; his great back
 Prone with the tide and, in the loom
 Of the Afric coast, merged with the black
 Of the water; till a rose shaft, sent
 From Madagascar far away,
 Etched a ripple, eloquent
 Of a freshening wind and a fair day.

Flushed with the triumph of the fight,
 He felt his now unchallenged right
 To take by demonstrated merit
 What he by birth-line did inherit—
 The lordship of each bull and dam
 That in mammalian waters swam,
 As Maharajah of the seas
 From Rio to the Celebes.
 And nobly did the splendid brute
 Leap to his laurels; execute
 His lineal functions as he sped
 Towards the Equator northwards, dead

Against the current and the breeze;
 Over his back the running seas
 Cascaded, while the morning sun,
 Rising in gold and beryl, spun
 Over the cachalot's streaming gloss,
 And from the foam, a fiery floss
 Of multitudinous fashionings,
 And dipping downward from the blue,
 The sea-gulls from Comoro flew,
 And brushed him with their silver wings;
 Then at the tropic hour of noon
 He slackened down; a drowsy spell
 Was creeping over him, and soon
 He fell asleep upon the swell.

III

The cruising ships had never claimed
 So bold a captain, so far-famed
 Throughout the fleets a master-whaler—
 New England's pride was Martin Taylor.
 'Twas in this fall of eighty-eight,
 As skipper of the *Albatross*,
 He bore South from the Behring Strait,
 Down by the China Coast, to cross
 The Line, and with the fishing done
 To head her for the homeward run
 Around the Cape of Storms, and bring
 Her to Nantucket by the Spring.
 She had three thousand barrels stowed
 Under the hatches, though she could,
 Below and on her deck, have stood
 Four thousand as her bumper load.
 And so to try his final luck,
 He entered Sunda Strait and struck
 Into the Indian Ocean where;
 According to reports that year,
 A fleet had had grand fishing spells
 Between the Cocos and Seychelles.
 Thither he sailed; but many a day
 Passed by in its unending way,
 The weather fair, the weather rough,
 With watch and sleep, with tack and reef,
 With swab and holystone, salt beef
 And its eternal partner, duff;
 Now driving on with press of sail,
 Now sweaty calms that drugged the men,
 Everything but sight of whale,
 Until one startling mid-day, when
 A gesture in the rigging drew
 The flagging tension of the crew.

In the cross-trees at the royal mast,
 Shank, the third mate, was breathing fast,
 His eyes stared at the horizon clouds,
 His heels were kicking at the shrouds;

His cheeks were puffed, his throat was dry,
 He seemed to be bawling at the sky.

'Hoy, you windjammer, what's the matter?
 What's this infernal devil's clatter?'

'She blows, sir, there she blows, by thunder,
 A sperm, a mighty big one, yonder.'

'Where-a-way?' was Taylor's scream.

'Ten miles, sir, on the looard beam!'

'Hard up and let her go like hell!'

With heeling side and heady toss,
 Smothered in spray, the *Albatross*
 Came free in answer to his yell,
 And corked off seven with a rout
 Of roaring canvas crowding her,
 Her jibs and royals bellying out,
 With studsail, staysail, spinnaker.
 The barque came to; the first mate roared
 His orders, and the davits swung,
 The block-sheaves creaked, and the men sprung
 Into the boats as they were lowered.
 With oars unshipped, and every sail,
 Tub and harpoon and lance in trim,
 The boats payed off before the gale,
 Taylor leading; after him,
 Old Wart, Gamaliel, and Shank—
 Three mates in order of their rank.
 The day was fine; 'twas two o'clock,
 And in the north, three miles away,
 Asleep since noon, and like a rock,
 The towering bulk of the cachalot lay.

'Two hundred barrels to a quart,'
 Gamaliel whispered to Old Wart.

'A bull, by gad, the biggest one
 I've ever seen,' said Wart, 'I'll bet'ee,
 He'll measure up a hundred ton,
 And a thousand gallons of spermaceti.'

'Clew up your gab!'

'Let go that mast!

There'll be row enough when you get him fast.'

'Don't ship the oars!'

'Now, easy, steady;
 You'll gall him with your bloody noise.'

The four harpooners standing ready
 Within the bows, their blades in poise,
 Two abaft and two broadside,
 Arched and struck; the irons cut
 Their razor edges through the hide
 And penetrated to the gut.

'Stern all! and let the box-lines slip.
Stern! Sheer!' The boats backed up.

'Unship
That mast. Bend to and stow that sail,
And jam the pole under the thwart.'

With head uplifted the sperm whale
Made for the starboard boat of Wart,
Who managed with a desperate swing
To save his skiff the forehead blow,
But to be crushed with the backward swing
Of the flukes as the giant plunged below;
On this dead instant Taylor cleft
His line; the third mate's iron drew,
Which, for the sounding trial, left
But one boat with an iron true,—
The one that had Gamaliel in it.
The tubs ran out, Gamaliel reckoned
Two hundred fathoms to the minute;
Before the line had cleared the second,
He tied the drugg and quickly passed
The splice to Shank who made it fast,
And, with ten blistering minutes gone,
Had but a moment left to toss
It to the fifth boat rushing on
With Hall fresh from the *Albatross*,
Who when his skiff, capsizing, lay
So low he could no longer bail her,
Caught up the end for its last relay,
And flung it to the hands of Taylor.
With dipping bow and creaking thwart,
The skipper's whaleboat tore through tunnels
Of drifting foam, with listing gunwales,
Now to starboard, now to port.
The hemp ran through the leaden chock,
Making the casing searing hot;
The second oarsman snatched and shot
The piggin like a shuttlecock,
Baling the swamping torrent out,
Or throwing sidelong spurts to dout
The flame when with the treble turn
The loggerhead began to burn.

A thousand fathoms down the lug
Of rope, harpoon, of boat and drugg,
Began, in half a breathless hour,
To get his wind and drain his power;
His throbbing valves demanded air,
The open sky, the sunlight there;
The downward plunging ceased, and now,
Taylor feeling the tarred hemp strand
Slackening that moment at the bow,
Began to haul hand over hand,
And pass it aft where it was stowed

Loose in the stern sheets, while the crew
After the sounding respite threw
Their bodies on the oars and rowed
In the direction of the pull.

'He blows!' The four whaleboats converged
On a point to southward where the bull
In a white cloud of mist emerged—
Terror of head and hump and brawn,
Silent and sinister and gray,
As in a lifting fog at dawn
Gibraltar rises from its bay.
With lateral crunchings of his jaw,
And thunderous booming as his tail
Collided with a wave, the whale
Steamed up immediately he saw
The boats, lowered his cranial drum
And charged, his slaughterous eye on Shank;
The mate—his hour had not yet come—
Parried the head and caught the flank
With a straight iron running keen
Into the reaches of his spleen.
The other boats rushed in; when Taylor backed,
Gamaliel leaped in and lodged
A thrust into his ribs, then dodged
The wallowing flukes when Hall attacked.
As killers bite and swordfish pierce
Their foes, a score of lances sank
Through blubber to the bone and drank
His blood with energy more fierce
Than theirs; nor could he shake them off
With that same large and sovereign scoff,
That high redundancy of ease
With which he smote his enemies.
He somersaulted, leaped, and sounded;
When he arose the whaleboats hounded
Him still; he tried gigantic breaches,
The irons stuck to him like leeches;
He made for open sea but found
The anchors faithful to their ground,
For, every surface run, he towed
The boat crews faster than they rowed.
Five hectic hours had now passed by,
Closing a tropic afternoon,
Now twilight with a mackerel sky,
And now a full and climbing moon.
'Twas time to end this vanity—
Hauling a puny batch of men,
With boat and cross-boards out to sea,
Tethered to his vitals, when
The line would neither break nor draw.
Where was his pride too, that his race
Should own one fugitive in a chase?
His teeth were sound within his jaw,
His thirty feet of forehead still

Had all their pristine power to kill.
 He swung his bulk round to pursue
 This arrogant and impious crew.
 He took his own good time, not caring
 With such persistent foes to crush
 Them by a self-destroying rush,
 But blending cunning with his daring,
 He sought to mesh them in the toil
 Of a rapid moving spiral coil,
 Baffling the steersmen as they plied
 Their bows now on the windward side,
 Now hard-a-lee, forcing them dead
 Upon the foam line of his head.
 And when the narrowing orbit shrank
 In width to twice his spinal length,
 He put on all his speed and strength
 And turned diagonally on Shank.
 The third mate's twenty years of luck
 Were ended as the cachalot struck
 The boat amidships, carrying it
 With open sliding jaws that bit
 The keel and sawed the gunwales through,
 Leaving behind him as he ploughed
 His way along a rising cloud
 Fragments of oars and planks and crew.
 Another charge and the death knell
 Was rung upon Gamaliel;
 At the same instant Hall ran foul
 Of the tail sweep, but not before
 A well directed iron tore
 Five feet into the lower bowel.

Two foes were now left on the sea—
 The *Albatross* with shortened sail
 Was slatting up against the gale;
 Taylor manœuvring warily
 Between the rushes and the rough
 Wave hazards of the crest and trough,
 Now closed and sent a whizzing dart
 Underneath the pectoral fin
 That pierced the muscle of the heart.
 The odds had up to this been equal—
 Whale and wind and sea with whaler—
 But, for the sperm, the fighting sequel
 Grew darker with that thrust of Taylor.
 From all his lesser wounds the blood
 That ran from him had scarcely spent
 A conscious tithe of power; the flood
 That issued from this fiery rent,
 Broaching the arterial tide,
 Had left a ragged worm of pain
 Which crawled like treason to his brain.
 Of a vanquished Titan's broken pride,
 Was he—with a toothless Bowhead's fate,
 Slain by a thing called a second mate—

To come in tow to the whaler's side!
 Be lashed like a Helot to the bits
 While, from the cutting stage, the spade
 Of a harpooner cut deep slits
 Into his head and neck, and flayed
 Him to the bone; while jesters spat
 Upon his carcass, jeered and wrangled
 About his weight, the price his fat
 Would bring, as with the heavy haul
 Of the blocks his strips of blubber dangled
 At every click of the windlass pawl!
 An acrid torture in his soul
 Growing with the tragic hurry
 Of the blood stream through that widening hole
 Presaged a sperm whale's dying flurry—
 That orgy of convulsive breath,
 Abhorred thing before the death,
 In which the maniac threads of life
 Are gathered from some wild abyss,
 Stranded for a final strife
 Then broken in a paroxysm.
 Darkness and wind began to pour
 A tidal whirlpool round the spot,
 Where the clotted nostrils' roar
 Sounded from the cachalot
 A deep bay to his human foes.
 He settled down to hide his track,
 Sighted the keels, then swiftly rose,
 And with the upheaval of his back,
 Caught with annihilating rip
 The boat, then with the swelling throes
 Of death levied for the attack,
 Made for the port bow of the ship.
 All the tonnage, all the speed,
 All the courage of his breed,
 The pride and anger of his breath,
 The battling legions of his blood
 Met in that unresisted thud,
 Smote in that double stroke of death.
 Ten feet above and ten below
 The water-line his forehead caught her,
 The hatches opening to the blow
 His hundred driving tons had wrought her;
 The capstan and the anchor fled,
 When bolts and stanchions swept asunder,
 For what was iron to that head,
 And oak—in that hydraulic thunder?
 Then, like a royal retinue,
 The slow processional of crew,
 Of inundated hull, of mast,
 Halliard and shroud and trestle-cheek,
 Of yard and topsail to the last,
 Dank flutter of the ensign as a wave
 Closed in upon the skysail peak,
 Followed the Monarch to his grave.

MEMORIES OF MORRICE

BY MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

NO TWITHSTANDING the many years he spent in France, James Wilson Morrice never learnt to speak French without a foreign accent, a strong one even; but he learnt to live the French life without one and, rarer still, he painted without one. Consequently, as in the case of Whistler, Sisley, and Mary Cassatt, his French colleagues paid him the highest compliment they know, namely, of forgetting that he was not a French painter. The value of this tribute may not be at once apparent to one who is not an artist; but when the cause and reason of it, and the spirit in which it is meant, are understood, it cannot fail to be appreciated. Morrice, I may say, was extremely sensible to it, although he was always particular to proclaim his nationality when occasion required.

To relate art to nationality, except under very special circumstances, is to restrict it. Morrice's free spirit would have resented the slightest limitations imposed upon art and its subservience to factors not absolutely inherent to it. To him art was either good or bad, true or sham, and its interpretation 'important' or 'unimportant', as he would say in his brief way. He used hardly any other terms, having a horror of loose talk and fustian in this connection. I can see his face now—a sudden gravity and retirement within himself interrupting his usual *bonhomie* and humour when he had misgivings lest sentimentality and pomposity take the place of earnestness and genuineness.

His dislike of bombast and bluff was reflected in his discreet way of using his authority as an influential member of the art-circles in Paris. His attitude was one of grateful acknowledgement of their hospitality and the honours they conferred upon him, but which did not, in his opinion, entitle him, as a stranger, to interfere in their affairs beyond the limits of support and assistance required of him.

When I first knew Morrice he occupied an apartment in an old tumble-down house, once a mansion, on the Quai des Grands Augustins and which looked on to a prospect for which he had a great love and often painted. I have an idea that when snow fell the view reminded him of Quebec. No artist in the world, French or foreign, has painted the Rive Gauche with more feeling and understanding than did Morrice. For some mysterious reason he was most intimately attuned to it.

Morrice had no studio but painted in one of the front rooms of his bachelor apartment. This room was bare of everything except dust, a wicker chair, a dilapidated sofa, a pile of books in a stack on the

floor, his pipes, his pictures, and rows and rows of little boxes in which he methodically sorted those thousands of precious out-door notes of his. Morrice, so far as I know, was never seen to carry visible painting kit, his complete outfit consisting of a small box which could fit like a cigar case into one of the pockets of his dapper tweed suit, and which held his panels, his brushes and a made-out palette.

I once had the good luck to attend the production of one of these little preparations for his bigger pictures. He spent three afternoons on a surface hardly bigger than a medium-sized envelope. He would look long at his subject, mix his tone, look again, then dab on a tiny morsel of color, lay down his little brush, take a puff of smoke, and so on between every minute touch; for the severest precision in the sketch—precision of form and tone—was the secret of that lovely looseness and laxness in the enlargement.

On this Quai des Grands Augustins he lived contentedly for a number of years until one day to his dismay, in the middle of the war moreover, he was for some reason or other—repairs or change of landlord—required to move out. This was a great blow to him, and I believe truly that he never recovered from it. Here he was near La Pérouse's restaurant, the view was part of him, and he loved the *concierge* who looked after him so badly. Any one else would have thought it a blessing to have to leave so dingy a place; not so he who believed in the evils one knows of. He found an apartment in a house farther up the river—old, but far too well kept for the liking of one who never painted snow *white*. Morrice had a fastidious horror of blatant cleanliness and things which had the indelicacy to appear 'sanitary', as he would say with a grimace. Such ostentation was to him in sheer bad taste. It offended him.

It took him very long to communicate his new address or to allow his friends to visit him there, and I should not wonder but that like cats after their home has been changed he would, in the dead of night, steal back to his old quarters. When at last he allowed you to go and see him he would wave his hand apologetically over the freshly-done-up rooms, as bare of upholstery as were the others and therefore colder, and say disgustedly: 'Looks like a dentist's, doesn't it?'

But he was to discover that you can overdo patina. Just before the war he made a trip to the West Indies. This opened his artist-eyes to a new beauty and one to which he was very quick to

adapt his style. The experience, added to his dislike of his new abode, sent him to North Africa, whence he came back to France refreshed like one who has been through a cure, saying: 'A painter should go South; it cleans your palette for you.' Personally I think that if he had painted all his life in one place he would not have acquired a mechanical manner; but the change was consistent with his care to keep his mind open, his hand unautomatic. He had such a dread of pigeon-holing that at one time he began to take more pride in his indoor figure-work than in his landscapes.

Mr. Gillson has said in these pages that 'the movement which will always be associated with the name of Cézanne seems to have passed him by'. This is true; but he did not pass it by, only he became too late aware of it to be influenced by it. For he worshipped the Maître of Provence, whose footsteps he retraced religiously round about Cassis. When he mentioned him, from naturally inarticulate he grew almost mute from emotion and would stutter out ecstatically: 'That . . . that . . . dj . . . dj . . . GIANT!'

Cézanne he could only follow round in shadow; but another he could in substance, and that was Matisse when he met him in Morocco. He admired Matisse so that I don't think he ever found an epithet that satisfied him as being worthy of his idol. Morrice was Matisse's senior and there was something very moving in the devotion of this independent spirit to the genius of another. People who saw them down there together said Morrice seemed to be fascinated by him and could not leave his side, and when, having heard him expatiate on him, a friend whose admiration for Morrice's work gave him confidence, asked: 'Well, and what does Matisse think of *you*?' Morrice answered with the modesty of infatuation and a whimsical pathos: 'Matisse . . . of *me*! Why he thinks me of course er . . . er . . . an . . . er . . . amateur.' And in his little guttural laugh he left nevertheless a comforting margin for the 'unimportant'.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

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CATHOLICS IN FRANCE

THE CATHOLIC REACTION IN FRANCE, by Denis Gwynn (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 186; \$2.00).

THIS is at once an interesting and irritating book. Mr. Gwynn is a Roman Catholic journalist who has resided a few years in France, and he attempts 'frankly' and as 'a journalist' to describe the new Roman Catholic movement in France. About this movement there can be no dispute. There is 'a reaction', as he calls it, and to all students of social and religious movements it is worthy of earnest study. Mr. Gwynn's volume is undoubtedly valuable as a point of view, and to those interested in social phenomena it will provide material for serious thought. To them, too, will fall the task of submitting it to detailed criticism as a contribution to sociology. For the general reader, however, it does not seem to carry entire conviction. The approach is far too pronouncedly sympathetic.

The 'reaction' seems to be largely among the upper middle classes. Statistics compiled among a group of students drawn from this category show that Easter Communions have increased. On the other hand, the upper classes are almost entirely a-religious. Among the lower classes the degradation of over-work, pauperism, human fertility, ignorance, and often illiteracy, accounts for much. In many districts the increase of religious influence is proportionate to the degradation. Where, however, religious charities, grading into semi-economic dependence, have no wide sway, there is widely growing irreligion. Doubtless Mr. Gwynn's figures are as correct as it is possible to estimate them, but personal observations shew that there is little hope for progress among the upper classes; and that, among the lower, religious progress declines with economic betterment.

When Mr. Gwynn deals with the effects of the War on the 'reaction', we see his own point of view very clearly. At the outbreak there was a *union sacré* for the sake of France; but anyone closely familiar with the war years knows that it did not last. Suspicions of propaganda got abroad, and the General Staff, least of all anti-clerical, had to save their troops from the excesses of religious zealots. In addition we must not accept entirely the idea that the clergy, when mobilized, went *en masse* into the trenches. What of the soldiers in the medical and hospital services? How many were clergy? What of orders issued to officers to employ clergy in scientific work, who were totally untrained for

it? What of clergy appointed to staff appointments with no experience of military tactics?

Mr. Gwynn asks us to believe that the fighting valour of the clergy was a surprise. To anyone who knew them before the war they were characterized by pugnacity and not by effeminacy. Nor do the statistics about their services, casualties, decorations prove anything. They would need to be compared with those relative to the population of the same educational standards. We think those for teachers might be much more impressive. Nor can we share the wholesale admiration for the clergy in the war. They served as any other Frenchmen. Not to have served would have been disastrous both to those concerned and to ecclesiastical policy. Somewhat similar criticism applies to all the pages dealing with the 'exiled' religious. Who was ever 'exiled'? There was no permission given 'the exiles' to return: if those of military age had not done so on mobilization, they would have been condemned as deserters.

Again, it seems gratuitous to blame the Germans for destroying churches when any French artillery officer will tell you that he ranged his guns on churches—his own churches. Churches were used by the French as by the enemy for any kind of military purpose. Indeed, long before the war the British War Office ordered British churches on the coast to be at once destroyed in case of invasion.

In conclusion, Mr. Gwynn's book proceeds on the assumption that the law of France is a 'persecuting' law. Such an assumption depends on the point of view. There is no prohibition of religion. There has been a strong movement against ecclesiastical interference in political and educational affairs. There is a group, estimated at a quarter of the population, which refuses to accept the laws. It is highly organized and skilfully directed. It is able to do some strange things. It can get subsidies for the clergy 'in the form of camouflaged charges upon the rates' (note this expression, p. 55). It can secure its 'own interests in spite of the laws' (p. 106). 'The French court actually upheld the church' in cases where priests attempted to obey the law (p. 59). What of persecution now? Apparently there is enough 'peaceful penetration' within the administration for a minority to defy law. However that may be, 'anticlericalism' was meant in fact as well as in name to divorce ecclesiastical interference under the guise of religious organizations from politics. No Frenchman would resent an openly confessed Roman Catholic religious party with a platform for the repeal of the disliked legislation. The logic of the French character generally repudiates politics in a 'camouflaged' form. 'Anticlericalism' sees anarchy in politics masking as religion.

There is the core of the situation as seen and criticized in France. Mr. Gwynn has accepted premises and built conclusions. He has not isolated the issues and studied them in cold objectivity.

TOWARDS THE PYRENEES

THROUGH CENTRAL FRANCE TO THE PYRENEES, by Maude Speed (Longmans; pp. 245; \$3.50).

THE technique of books of travel would be materially improved if the travellers who write them would decide, before putting pen to paper, what purpose their record will serve. Is theirs a talent for stimulating others to travel by turning out guide-books for the foot-loose? Or are they of those who can give an impression of their journey so vivid that to read it is to encircle the earth? If the first, then, incontrovertibly, there must be maps, and herein lies the source of this book's inadequacy. By process of elimination, if not otherwise, it falls into the guide-book group. And there are no maps. Mrs. Speed intends to lead her readers across a little-known part of Central France and Northern Spain, evidently enchanting country, haunted by the exploits of the Black Prince, the rivalries of Catherine de Medici and Diane de Poitiers. Her starting-point is Blois; this is firm ground, but she soon departs for Clermont-Ferrand, a world unknown in a direction unguessed. It becomes impossible to follow her itinerary intelligently. Her readers must perforce remain at Blois, mapless, hopelessly endeavouring to visualize the whither and where of Cette, Aigues, Mortes, and Carcassonne. Nor need the romantics scoff at this desire for maps. One may say with Jean Kenyon Mackenzie,

I never see a map but I'm away
On all the errands that I long to do,
Up all the rivers that are painted blue,
And all the ranges that are painted gray,
'And into those pale spaces where they say;
'Unknown'. Oh, what they never knew
I would be knowing.

The most useful information the book contains is that there is an organization known as the *Syndicat d'Initiative* at 56 Haymarket, London, which, without charge, will provide travellers with suggestions and advice as to the best routes, hotels, etc., in various parts of France, even arranging for them to be met by carriages or boats as the occasion requires. It is apparently under the control of the French Government and is represented in France by numerous sub-agents, to whom the London office will communicate what visitors to expect and what their requirements will be.

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HISTORY

PREJUDICE AND PROMISE IN XVTH CENTURY ENGLAND (The Ford Lectures), by C. L. Kingsford (Clarendon Press; pp. vi, 215; \$4.50).

NOT since A. L. Smith's Ford Lectures has such a fascinating contribution been made to history under this distinguished foundation. As was to be expected from Mr. Kingsford's reputation as a diligent and distinguished student of the fifteenth century, his lectures are the product of mature scholarship and careful research. They are, however, something more. They are a series of interesting and captivating views into a period which has too long suffered from imperfectly balanced judgments, if not from ignorance.

With the exception of the last lecture on 'The Policy and Fall of Suffolk', every cultured reader will find here much of interest and novelty. No Shakespearian student should neglect Mr. Kingsford's review of Shakespeare's history. The account given of English letters and of the intellectual movement will appeal to every one seeking a background to the English Renaissance. The study of the Wars of the Roses helps finally to settle them in their due place. The account of West Country piracy is an admirable and new background for the Elizabethan seamen.

The professional historian cannot afford to neglect this admirable volume. Mr. Kingsford expands and amplifies the various published collections of letters and chronicles. His many footnotes open up and illustrate whole fields of further research, and his appendices on 'piracy' are romantic in their possibilities. The volume is excellently printed and indexed. It is a distinct and welcome contribution to English history, and we heartily recommend it not only to historians but to general readers.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE REFORMATION, by Professor James MacKinnon (Longmans; 16/-).

THIS is a work which will appeal not only to every son of Scotland but to all students of constitutional history. There has long been wanting a volume of this nature, and heretofore it has been necessary to seek in many places the institutional developments surveyed by Professor MacKinnon who has brought to his task the experience and training of an historian and has sought to avoid technical errors by calling in the assistance of Mr. J. A. R. MacKinnon, the distinguished Edinburgh advocate.

It would be possible to point out errors in detail, and it is fair to say that here and there Professor MacKinnon has made very simple what is

too complex for such treatment. The style is somewhat commonplace, but at any rate it is direct and clear. Doubtless the volume is not the last word on the subject, but for the general reader it can be thoroughly recommended, and we congratulate the author on a remarkable achievement considering the difficulties of his subject and the width of his field. The format of the volume is of that excellent quality which distinguishes Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company's publications.

A HISTORY OF GAELIC IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1608, by P. W. Joyce (Longmans; pp. vii, 565; \$1.75).

DR. JOYCE, the veteran Irish historian, has added distinction to Irish history in this first volume of a new book based exclusively on original documents and carefully documented. In the earlier period, where evidence is much in doubt and obscure, Dr. Joyce has confined himself to such fields as literature, art, and institutions in which he has had sufficiently valid material to warrant conclusions, and he has written with insight and fascination. In addition he has added five short chapters on the Brehon Laws, which form the most succinct estimate available of a difficult and thorny problem.

In the other divisions of his book, Dr. Joyce has gathered the history round important events and personages, and in departing from strict chronology he has lent the narrative a distinct human value and interest. He has eminently succeeded in his aim of writing soberly, moderately, and without exaggeration and bitterness, and we shall welcome the completion of a work which already bids fair to be the best general history of Ireland up to the present.

AFTER LENIN

AFTER LENIN: THE NEW PHASE IN RUSSIA, by Michael Farbman (Leonard Parsons; pp. viii, 280; 7/6).

THE first section of this book, "Leninism without Lenin", throws some light on the evolution of the Communist Party away from its early character, and describes the views of some of the discordant groups who are included in the ruling coalition. The author declares that the policy and psychology of the Russian Communists are undergoing a genuine change. The 'dictatorship of the proletariat' is an obsolete phrase which has disappeared from Communist journals and platforms, while the aim of the Government is not the immediate establishment of socialism, but the reconstruction of the country on 'realistic' lines.

There is an interesting appraisal of Lenin, which finds his true greatness in the retreat to 'State Capitalism', and the 'replacement of Marxism by Leninism'.

There are brief character sketches of Zinaviev, Kamenev, Stalin, and Trotsky. The second section explains the New Economic Policy, and describes its development, while the third is devoted to a description of the development of Russian agriculture, the agrarian revolution due to land hunger, and the present status of the peasants. According to Mr. Farbman, personal initiative and personal responsibility are now the moving principles in Russian villages, and the earlier Communist dreams of running large-scale farms as state grain factories have been given up. Yet the state can do much for agriculture by the supply of capital for road-building, seed, implements, fertilizers, and perhaps, later, electrification.

The book ends with a discussion of Russia's capacity as a market, and the author predicts that in the next five or ten years Russia will regain or even rise above her old position in this respect.

ECONOMICS

THE HISTORY OF MUNITIONS SUPPLY IN CANADA 1914-1918, by David Carnegie (Longmans; pp. 336; illustrated; \$6.00).

THOSE who are interested in constitutional questions will find in the record of the workings of the Imperial Munitions Board 'another illustration of flexibility in working relations between the nations of the British Empire'; students of business administration will read here how, under the pressure of emergency, there was speedily built up a great centrally-planned business organization, which spent more than a thousand million dollars in Canada upon munitions, obtained value for its money, and remained free from the affliction of government patronage; while economists will be interested in the story of the creation of many new industries of permanent value and the mobilization of unsuspected reserves of enterprise and labour to carry them on. Colonel Carnegie was personally associated with the organization of the supply of munitions from Canada from 1914 to 1918, and in these pages, for the first time, he describes systematically and with knowledge the organizing efforts which built munition factories in every province of Canada, trained thousands of women to unfamiliar industrial processes, and for some time produced one-third of the shells used by the British artillery.

We might have wished for a more extensive economic treatment of this chapter of Canadian industrial history, but the author has done well with the space at his disposal in view of the number of topics to be covered. One almost forgets the terrible purpose of the work in this description of the enterprise, perseverance, and genius with which it was carried on.

RUSSIAN DEBTS AND RUSSIAN RECONSTRUCTION, by Leo Pasvolsky and Harold G. Moulton (McGraw-Hill; pp. xiii, 247; \$2.75).

The attempt of the MacDonald Government to bring about a *rapprochement* between Great Britain and Russia failed; but the question will inevitably come up again, and sooner or later a settlement of the Russian debts will have to be made. To understand the issues which will be raised, it is necessary to know how much Russia owes abroad, how much she needs to carry out the necessary improvements in industry and agriculture, what surplus she can produce for export, and how far her increased exports are likely to help or hinder other countries. In this volume, one of the series being issued by the Institute of Economics, there has been brought together a mass of material indispensable for the answering of these questions. The facts here published must be taken into consideration by any government which wishes to come to an understanding with Russia in the economic field.

SHORT NOTICES

LIFE'S LITTLE LAUGHS, by Melesina Seton Christopher (Longmans; pp. 142; \$2.00).

Those who used to enjoy Mrs. Christopher's little essays in the *Spectator* and other English reviews will be glad to find them in this collected form. They are light with humour, and gay with the spirit of one who enjoyed the rewards of life and never shirked its responsibilities. Mrs. Christopher had a nice appreciation of all things young; she was apparently the sort of woman that children take into their confidence, and she was repaid by many engaging revelations of the workings of the child mind which make her essays on that subject particularly pleasant. We would like to have been asked 'if Mother Nature was God's wife?' and we would like to have known the boy who, when asked what he knew of Elijah, replied that he did not know much of that holy man, but knew that he 'went for a cruise with a widow'.

A VOICE FROM THE DARK, by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 320; \$2.00).

To buy a book by Eden Phillpotts is as great a gamble as there is in literature—with a possible exception in favour of Arnold Bennett. One may acquire a masterpiece, unforgettable in its dark and tragic beauty, or merely a stirring tale, memorable only for the moment it beguiles. To the latter group belongs a *Voice from the Dark*, an episode in the life of John Ringrose, detective. Ever a lover of mysteries, Mr. Phillpotts relinquishes the solution of the voice only on the second to last page. He winds the plot in and around a Goldoni ivory, an Italian villa,



THE CANADIAN FORUM

OUR December issue will be a special book number, in which most of the space will be given to articles on outstanding books of the season and to an enlarged review section covering the most interesting books on the autumn lists. Books on art, music, science and politics will be included in this survey, as well as fiction, poetry and literary studies.

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a haunted inn, and a poisoned wine, tangling and untangling it with his accustomed skill. In fact, once this book is placed in its proper genre, the expectation of another *Whirlwind* laid aside, and that Eden Phillpotts has been called a 'minor Hardy' forgotten, one can enjoy it immensely.

TWENTY POEMS IN COMMON ENGLISH, by William Barnes, with an introduction by John Drinkwater (Blackwell; pp. 45; 75c).

It is a peculiarity of English literature as of the English countryside that it is full of delightful holes and corners. This tiny volume makes us regret that Barnes wrote so much in Dorset and so little in English. It is true that he is an easy first among English dialect poets (Burns is another matter), but the fact remains that dialect, however simple, is a spiky barrier and that Barnes's lovely poems are enjoyed by few. Perhaps this nosegay of verses in our common speech will decoy a reader here and there into his richer dialect verse. Even if it fails to take them beyond itself, it may please them for its own sake. 'The Knoll' and 'The Rooks' are the sort of writing that Edward Thomas fed on.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT, edited by J. R. R. Tolkien and E. V. Gordon (Oxford; pp. xxvii, 211; \$2.25).

This is the first annotated edition of the well-known mediæval romance. The text is so difficult that it cannot be read without considerable knowledge of Middle English. It is incomparably harder than Chaucer and Langland, but the editors have supplied all the necessary apparatus for the reading of the text and for the study of the dialect. The edition seems to exhaust all that could possibly be said about the poem. The masses of critical and linguistic material are well arranged and students of the English language who master a quarter of the contents of this volume will be able to read with ease in the whole field of mediæval English literature.

THE HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS IN EUROPE, by J. W. N. Sullivan;

CHEMISTRY TO THE TIME OF DALTON, by E. J. Holmyard;

ELECTRICITY AND THE STRUCTURE OF MATTER, by L. Southern;

POPULATION, by A. M. Carr-Saunders (The World's Manuals; Oxford; pp. about 100; 75c each).

The science series of the World's Manuals is on the whole good. It is too much to expect of a series which aims at being authoritative as well as popular that the individual books should all be good, for the two aims are very difficult to reconcile. It is a much more painstaking task than the author of a small

book is inclined to make it. Mr. Sullivan's and Mr. Holmyard's books are nevertheless excellently done; that of Mr. Southern's is at times almost childishly simple, at times it savours a little too much of scientific jargon. Mr. Carr-Saunders has certainly not done justice to the subject of *Population*. It is a live subject which he has anaesthetized through lack of construction, by clumsy phrases, and by actual errors. Thus we are told that certain economies in an industry 'will more than set off the increased cost of food'. He has also forgotten to finish some sentences.

EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENTS AND METHODS (Harrap; pp. 190; \$1.50).

It is difficult to see why these heterogeneous magazine articles have been collected in book form. Possessed of no organic unity, not even edited, they are almost bound to be full of contradictions and dogmatic assertions. The writer of 'Heuristic Method' does not see the relationship of his subject to the 'Dalton Plan', and the similarity of design in 'The Montessori System' and 'Eurythmics' has been overlooked by the authors of these otherwise excellent articles. For some of the material there can only be the strongest condemnation. Mr. Raymont, who writes on 'Intelligence Tests', shows his abysmal ignorance of the subject by confusing throughout his article intelligence tests and achievement tests. But so long as books of this kind sell, so long will they be published.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE WORLD UNBALANCED, by Gustave Le Bon (Longmans; pp. 256; \$3.50).

THE AUTHORS' BOOK (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xv, 73; 60c).

TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE, by P. B. Clayton (Revised Ed.; Longmans; pp. 112; 90c).

WHAT I BELIEVE, by Bertrand Russell (Kegan-Paul; pp. 95; 2/6).

SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, by Maurice Marston (Roadmakers Series; pp. 186; 4/6).

THE MYSTERIES OF ANN, by Alice Brown (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 274; \$2.00).

POETRY AND THE PLAY, July to August, 1925 (Merton Press; pp. viii, 56; 1/-).

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By "Bryher"

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As literary secretary to Anatole France, M. Brousson enjoyed the affectionate confidence of the master, who confided to him his views, memories and fancies, and of these unreserved utterances this volume is the record. Brilliant literary and historical criticisms, amusing and tender memories, gentle raillery and wise aphorisms flow from the lips of the master and are chronicled by the disciple \$3.50

William

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By Martin Armstrong

This story, by the author of "The Bazaar," paints with intimacy and warmth a series of vividly human encounters in the village inn, "The Goat and Compasses," the churchyard and the open fields. It is concerned especially with Susan Furly, the parish visitor, and with Belle Jordan and her timid sister, Rose, but with tenderness and humour it tells of the love affairs of many of the people in a small coast-town \$2.00

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If we sometimes feel a little discouraged regarding the actable native drama of Canada—we possess plenty such ambitious but unactable efforts as *Tecumseh* and *The Witch of Endor*—it is a comfort to pick up a book like *Playwrights of the New American Theatre* by Thomas H. Dickinson. The author managed to turn out a stout volume of more than three hundred pages, but he was forced to include all sorts of light weights, like Rachel Crothers and Arthur Richman. If a writer dealing with the forces in contemporary British fiction placed Ethel M. Dell and J. S. Fletcher on his list, he would be offering about the same quality of mental nourishment.

The sterile condition of the American drama is undoubtedly due to the supremacy of Broadway. The destinies of the American theatre have been entirely controlled until within comparatively recent years by a small group of showmen who make their headquarters in New York. By showmen, I mean men who give their first consideration to the commercial value of a play. Will it be a box-office success? These men are supposed to be experts in 'what the public wants'. They follow madly after the popular pattern of the hour, and the majority of the playsmiths of the American theatre turn out their shows according to a formula.

It is significant of the condition of affairs that Prof. Dickinson devotes 55 pages to Percy MacKaye and 68 pages to Eugene O'Neill. These are the only two dramatists mentioned in the book who have refused to compromise with the demands of Broadway. One of the amusing results of the success of O'Neill is that the current fashion, among the men who hammer out plays to please, is unconventionality. O'Neill has fared better than MacKaye at the hands of the play-going public, undoubtedly because he possesses more theatrical flair; but even O'Neill was not accepted by the commercial managers until he had proved his box-office value in the experimental theatres. He has a stronger appeal than MacKaye because he rouses controversy, and at times jars the emotions. In only one respect does MacKaye resemble O'Neill, and that is in his determination to write the thing as he feels it, without any reference to the current patterns of Broadway. Otherwise, they are almost entirely different. There is little literary quality in O'Neill, and only occasional flashes of beauty. But MacKaye becomes almost laboured in his adherence to a classical literary style. There is a peculiar lack of spontaneity about his writing; it suggests work done in the study of a scholar who has become an academic dramatist. In-

stinctively, the average play-goer lifts his hat solemnly and permits Percy MacKaye to pass by. He has never received the recognition that his merit deserves; even his most actable play, *A Thousand Years Ago*, based on the legend of Turandot, is not as widely known as it might be.

Professor Dickinson appears to be making the best of a bad job when he treats with apparent seriousness the plays of Lewis Beach, George M. Cohan, Frank Craven, Zoe Akins, Zona Gale, Gilbert Emery, George Kelly, and similar writers of dramatic best sellers. He must know that these comedies are essentially surface things; if you dived into them for a little intellectual swim, you would immediately crash your skull against the bottom. For example, in *The Show Off*, Aubrey Piper is a liar, a braggart, and a pretender, as Professor Dickinson says. I doubt whether a close student of character and its place in society would glorify such a man into an ultimate success as George Kelly has done; but no one denies the excellence of his play as light entertainment. In other words, it is a good show with very little in it to bite on.

Still, Professor Dickinson classifies these smaller dramatists as 'interpreters of the American scene'—a cliché that is used so much nowadays by American critics that it bids fair to become ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the best of these playwrights cannot be credited with anything more than accurate surface observation. Of course that is a gain over the days when all ordinary types were purely theatrical, from the Irishman who said 'Begorra' to the grocer who said 'I swan'. Careful reporting of everyday men and women gives a country its genre drama, and that, I am beginning to think, must always be the beginning of a native drama in any land. Beauty, intellectual background, and profundity ought to come later. My quarrel with Professor Dickinson is that he attaches undue importance to all the minor dramatists whom he has accumulated to discuss in the same book with Eugene O'Neill and Percy MacKaye.

The best that can be said for most of the playwrights in the new American theatre is that they are becoming honest and painstaking reporters, though lacking in imagination as the good reporters usually are. They will develop later from dramatic journalese to the higher literary forms. If you want to test the truth of that assertion, look over the dramatic fare of the American theatre in any given year. You will probably find plenty of jolly entertainment, but there would be mighty little substance if no plays were imported from such men as George Bernard Shaw, Henrik Ibsen, Ferencz Molnar, the Kapek brothers, John Galsworthy, Luigi Pirandello, Sir James Barrie, Lord Dunsany, August Strindberg, Edmond Rostand, Arthur Schnitzler, Sacha Guitry, and even the desolated Russians.

FRED JACOB.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

BY G. E. JACKSON

THE question whether Canada is or is not less prosperous than the United States was an academic question yesterday. The General Election has made it a burning question now. On countless platforms it is being asserted that Canada is and has been for two years far less prosperous than the United States—the King Government being inferentially responsible. On countless other platforms it is being denied with equal vehemence. It is even asserted that Canada has been more prosperous than the United States—the King Government being inferentially responsible for this also.

The supposition that prosperity and adversity are alike to be laid at the door of the Government is, of course, childishly silly. Nevertheless, the question as to the relative prosperity of ourselves and our neighbours is of considerable importance and (since a Minister of the Crown has recently offered to retire from politics if his assertion of the greater relative prosperity of the Dominion can be disproved) has acquired a dramatic interest also.

Naturally, the question centres on the fortunes of the manufacturing industries, and for two reasons: first, because they are the most directly interested in the tariff question; secondly, because they do provide data which are directly useful for purposes of comparison.

There is, to this extent, common ground among intelligent people both in the United States and in Canada; there has recently been a depression which has been severely felt by the manufacturing industries of both countries. Industry reached a maximum of activity in each country at some time during 1923 and for many months afterward declined. The decline has ended and recovery has begun in both countries, but neither in time nor intensity was their experience quite the same.

The evidence in the case is easily collected. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics publishes from month to month a well-known index of employment conditions in Canada which contains detailed information with regard to manufactures. The United States Department of Labour publishes a similar index for American manufacturing industries in the *Monthly Labour Review*. Of the two series of figures, the Canadian is the more authoritative; but, covering as it does the fortunes of some three millions of workers, the American index is also quite dependable.

In the following table (which represents, in each country, not the aggregate of employment in factories, but the rate of change from month to month) the figure 100 stands for the average of employees in United States factories and Canadian factories, respectively, during the whole of 1923.

	1923		1924		1925	
	U.S.	Canada	U.S.	Canada	U.S.	Canada
Jan. ..	98.0	87.5	95.4	89.7	90.0	84.5
Feb. ..	99.6	95.1	96.6	95.1	91.6	88.8
Mar. ..	101.8	98.0	96.4	96.3	92.3	91.7
April ..	101.8	95.8	94.5	96.9	92.1	94.4
May ..	101.8	101.4	90.8	98.2	90.9	97.0
June ..	101.9	104.7	87.9	99.0	98.9
July ..	100.4	104.8	84.8	98.2	99.9
Aug. ..	99.7	104.7	85.0	96.5	99.1
Sept. ..	99.8	104.1	86.7	94.6	100.1
Oct. ..	99.3	102.8	87.9	96.4
Nov. ..	98.7	102.1	87.8	94.3
Dec. ..	96.9	98.8	89.4	91.8
Average	100.0	100.0	90.3	95.6	91.4	91.3

(First five months only)

It is a pity that American figures cannot, at the time of going to press, be brought up to date. It will be seen that during the first five months of this year the American manufacturing industries and the Canadian manufacturing industries were almost exactly equally active as compared with their average condition in 1923. Several points of interest will be noticed by the reader.

1. Comparing the years 1923 and 1924 as a whole, the depression was very much more severely felt by the American manufacturing industries (minus 9.7%) than by the Canadian manufacturing industries (minus 4.4%). The contrast is rather startling.

2. The extreme range of fluctuation from the maximum of activity in 1923 to the minimum of activity at a later stage shows that Canada from this standpoint suffered slightly more severely than the United States. The declines are respectively:

Canada: 104.8 (July, 1923) to 84.5 (January, 1925)

U. S.: 101.9 (June, 1923) to 84.8 (July, 1924)

3. If we are to measure the length of the depression from maximum to minimum in each case, it appears to have lasted considerably longer in Canada than in the United States.

While there is at present no accurate means of measuring this, we may well conclude (from the figures at our disposal) that the seasonal range of fluctuation in Canada, for climatic and other reasons, is rather wider than the corresponding range in the United States. Thus, in 1923, the year of maximum activity, the American figure rises only 3.9 points from 98% to 101.9%, whereas the Canadian figure rises more than 17 points from 87.5% to 104.8%. This supposed greater range of fluctuation perhaps accounts, at least in part, for the longer duration of the depression in Canada which appears from these figures.

Combining our employment indices with the census figures in both countries, we may reasonably suppose that the number of factory workers who were laid off in Canada during the depression was not far from 100,000. In the United States, the corresponding figure was probably somewhat larger than 1,300,000.

The most gratifying feature of the situation is that in both countries workers are being taken on.

THE TREND OF BUSINESS BY PHILIP WOOLFSON

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employment in Canada (2)	Price of 30 Canadian Securities (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
Sept. 1925	177.1	96.6	122.7	\$21.03
Aug. "	175.7	96.3	111.4	\$21.04
July "	172.1	96.8	111.4	\$20.70
June "	175.5	94.5	111.4	\$20.57
Nov. 1924	175.1	93.0	94.0	\$20.81
Oct. "	174.0	93.9	91.4	\$20.67
Sept. "	172.9	93.1	91.2	\$20.65
August "	175.5	94.7	90.1	\$20.57

¹ Michell. Monetary Times. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-09.

² Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

³ Michell. Monetary Times. The following common stock quotations are included in the revised Index: Dominion Steel; Nova Scotia Steel and Coal; Steel Co. of Canada; Canada Car and Foundry; Canadian Locomotive Co.; Russell Motor Co.; Canadian Cottons; Canadian Converters; Dominion Textile; Montreal Cottons; Monarch Knitting; Penmans; Wabasso Cottons; British Columbia Fishing & Packing; City Dairy; Dominion Canners; Shredded Wheat; Tuckett's Tobacco Co.; Canada Bread; F. N. Burt; Provincial Paper; Spanish River; Howard Smith; Laurentide; Lake-of-the-Woods Milling; Ogilvie; Maple Leaf; Canada Cement; Lyall Construction; Dominion Bridge.

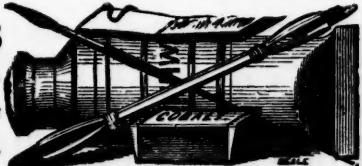
⁴ Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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